

# YOUNG EGGMAN SHIELDS SOCIETY GIRL SWEETHEART

Baker, Confessedly Guilty of  
Murder and Burglaries, Is  
Enigma.

HIDES HIS TRUE NAME.

Studied Medicine, Worked in  
Bank and Was Lured to  
Life of a Bandit.

James A. Baker, the young Pitts-  
burgher who, since November, has robbed  
a score of safes in post-offices all over  
the country, is an enigma. Since his  
arrest in the Tombs, with  
charges of murder, burglary, robbery  
and forgery piled against him, he has  
spent his time reading magazines, with  
apparent deep interest, and if he feels  
the slightest anxiety over the outcome  
of his case, he does not choose to show  
it.

Baker has said he is only twenty-two,  
is probably at least five years older.  
He has a facial lines count for anything. He  
is a modestly-dressed, ordinary appear-  
ing young man. With his pale blue suit  
and neat brown shirt, he evidently  
ready-made, he does not present any of  
the features popularly ascribed to the  
bank crackman. He looks more like a  
junior bank clerk in his everyday  
snare in Tombs Cell.

When an Evening World reporter sent  
a note to Baker to-day he sent word  
at once that he would see him. The  
reporter found Baker smilingly extend-  
ing a hand in greeting through the yellow  
painted bars in the Federal part  
of the Tombs Prison.

"Sorry I can't ask you to sit down,  
but that privilege is reserved for pris-  
oners," he remarked, with a strong  
Southern accent. His tone, however,  
was that of a gently nurtured man and  
one of good schooling. Baker's English  
is as immaculate as his make, for the  
care of which he carries a pocket man-  
icule set.

The young prisoner is as hard to nail  
down to a fact as an eel is to grasp.  
"On that I'd prefer not to talk—  
you understand," is his favorite parry  
for what he considers too intimate a  
question.

"I'm in this mess because of lack of  
funds, and for no other reason," Baker  
said, after much urging. "That's the  
whole thing in a nutshell. I'm not going  
to say who my folks are, but if they  
knew of my fix, I think I'd be out of  
here pretty quick."

As Baker talked, he paced up and  
down his cell. It was hard, he talked so  
fast, and at times, when pressed on the  
subject of his antecedents, so vaguely.

Woman's Letter Sacked.  
"Why, when I was arrested," Baker  
paused impressively, "I knew I was tak-  
ing a desperate chance, but I wanted  
to get that letter so much I have been  
printed about where no one could read it.  
I regard a woman's correspondence  
as sacred. I was much surprised when  
I saw that the Federal officials had  
made use of it public."

If he had been collared when I  
was," he continued, "I'd have been on  
my way to Europe by this time. I  
couldn't have stayed there long though.  
Why? Well, a financial matter. What?  
Oh, I can't say on that line.  
"I'll tell you, though, that if my  
friends would get wind of this they'd  
get hell—but I won't let them know  
is Baker's right name? Well, any  
man's right name goes under."

I was straight up to last November.  
Prior to that time I had finished my  
medical education. Where? Oh, I  
don't care to answer on that line, any-  
body I didn't see much ahead of me at  
medicine, so I got a job in a Pittsburgh  
bank. I worked there till about June  
when I decided to go and see some of  
my friends. I got a good salary there,  
too—about two hundred a month—so I  
had some saved.

Met Safe-Cracker on Train.  
"I missed my friends in the town  
where I was to meet them. So I went  
back to Pittsburgh and got a job as a  
passenger for pictures. I kept at it  
till the latter part of October, when I  
started East. On the train I met a fel-  
low known as 'Fuzzy' Buggan. This  
fellow was 'Fuzzy' Buggan, the safe-  
cracker, they got me mixed up with,  
but I only knew him by the name I've  
told you. He seemed to know a lot  
about the post-office robbery game,  
though, and I was persuaded to let him  
show me how the thing was worked.  
Though, mind you, I never used dynam-  
ite, I was always afraid of that."

"After Raymond had taught me what  
he knew, though, then I had no idea  
of ever putting it to practical use.  
I started out for the West again. I went  
broke and then I started in with my  
acquired knowledge."

"I'm not guilty of all the things I'm  
accused of, though, and if there was  
only the charge of the murder of the  
postmaster at Charleston, W. V., I  
against me I'd be all right. As it is,  
I don't know what will become of me,  
but whatever happens I'll never get a  
chance to be in this fix again."

Not Engaged to Girl.  
"I don't drink, smoke or gamble and  
I'm not much of a lady's man. It's all  
a lie to say I was planning to marry  
that young girl whose picture I was call-  
ing for when I was arrested. She is  
engaged to a good friend of mine. It's  
true I've got a little love affair with  
the jewelry I've got."

Baker showed his shoes, links, set  
with a miniature of the man's face.  
"Maybe that's my eldest," he re-  
marked, and maybe it isn't—that's got  
nothing to do with it. Look here, all  
I want to do is get out of here."

What did I spend my money on?  
Presents, I guess. I like to give good  
things. I want to see my folks. I want  
you to come to see me now. Anyway,  
I'm in this fix, and I'm not much of a  
player, so I'll let you know the re-  
porter asked Keeper O'Connor as a  
last.

He's been paying his cell all night  
replied the keeper. "He's as nervous  
as a cat on hot bricks, but he's not  
sensible enough to put on a good front."

## Brede's Rooster Better Than an Alarm Clock; It Goes After Him When He Fails to Get Up

If You Don't Believe It Kindly  
Study This Story of an Up-  
set Sleigh, a Runaway Horse,  
a Bag of Money and a Ted-  
dy Bear Locked in a Freight  
Car.

Adam Brede is chief of the "beef and"  
menage of Johnny Meehan, caterer to  
Park Row in ordinary. But he is more  
than this—he is a gentleman sport, a  
teller of tales round the gas range while  
the beans simmer uneasily in the gran-  
deware pots of a winter eve. Not con-  
tent with these accomplishments, Brede  
is a poet, too, a man of imagination  
and profound.

Brede has a rooster, a bird as wonder-  
ful in its way as its proprietor, and  
that's going some. Every morning when  
it comes time for Brede to leave his  
home for the daily task of "beef and"  
boiling the bird crows and crows and  
crows till Brede gets up. Once upon a  
time, before Brede got the rooster, he  
had an alarm clock. Now there is no  
need for it. If he doesn't get up, Brede  
says, the rooster will come right up  
into his room—yes, sir—and crow right  
there on the pillow. He's a wonder.

It is only because the bird comes  
from Spring Valley, N. Y., though, that  
he fits into the story at all. Although  
he stands as high as Brede's waist, he  
is a retiring bird, and no one but Brede  
and the man at Spring Valley who  
raised him—his name is John Smith—  
has ever beheld him. He is popular  
with the hens of his vicinity, though.

Brede says:  
This is where the story really begins,  
but Mr. Brede is such an expansive  
story-teller that it's hard to catch up  
the thread of his yarn and spool it  
up. But Brede asked Johnny Meehan  
for leave last Saturday night, and  
went up to see John Smith, from whom  
he got the rooster. Here is where the  
best to let Brede speak for himself.  
It sounds better coming from him.

Adam Goes to See His Bird.  
"I got to Spring Valley on Saturday  
night," said Mr. Brede, as he admon-  
ished a careless waiter who had dropped  
on the floor a plate of "beef and"  
on its way to Gustavus Whiting, an old  
customer of the place. "But," he con-  
tinued, "I don't want to tell you the  
story of John Smith, a citizen I assure  
you we passed the evening chatting  
pleasantly over things here and abroad,  
and I remember we were deeply interest-  
ed in a discussion of what the future  
held for that unhappy country. Fortu-  
nally, when a friend of Mr. Smith's, a  
Mr. Schenck, happened to drop in,  
before I knew it I had made an en-  
gagement to John Mr. Schenck on a  
slight excursion on the morrow."

"To continue," said Mr. Brede, warm-  
ing to the subject. "But," he con-  
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story of John Smith, a citizen I assure  
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gagement to John Mr. Schenck on a  
slight excursion on the morrow."

"You should hear him crow."  
"Now comes the remarkable part of  
this story. As Mr. Schenck, who was  
waking back to Mr. Smith, bit-  
terly reminding me we had ventured  
forth on such a day, we met my  
friend's horse leisurely walking up  
the road with the sleigh behind him. But  
here is where I fear you may hesitate  
to believe my story. As the horse walked  
beside him, his head for it was a head  
horse-leaping on the withers of Mr.  
Schenck, and he was afraid of that  
sleight and bridled, and I really fear you  
may not credit this on your back was a  
bag of money, and as the sleigh passed  
it contained \$200 in bills of various re-  
denominations. Convinced in animated  
tones of my strange adventures, we  
made the best of our way back to Mr.  
Smith's home."

"From our arrival there we found that  
a merry party of city roosterers had in-  
vited Mr. Smith and were awaiting him.  
Smith gravely by their some and an-  
ties. In their company was a young  
man dressed as I suppose in a sport-  
ing suit by his companions in a Teddy  
bear suit. I subsequently learned that  
my new acquaintance was a young man  
mingled with the merry throng, and  
dined the impersonator of the animal to  
which our President had named for  
a stipend of \$2 and all he could  
drink for that debauchery."

It Was a He Rooster.  
"Somehow the change from the pocket-  
book we had found on the horse be-  
came mingled with the currency I al-  
ready had in my pocket, and after pur-  
chasing some few bottles of champagne  
I found to my great annoyance that I  
thoughtlessly had come to me in such a  
strange way."

"The apoplexy of the matter was that  
the hotel had recognized in Mrs. Smith  
the wife of our worthy host, a long-lost  
acquaintance and offered to prove  
it by showing us a tattooed portrait on  
his arm bearing underneath it the in-  
scription 'Elsie.' Mrs. Smith's name is  
a link in a chain of fact and locality  
the Teddy bear impersonator, whose  
name I neglected to learn, was thrown  
into a freight car at the depot and the  
door locked upon him. The destination  
of the car, if I remember rightly, was  
San Francisco."

"On my return to New York the next  
day I was much chagrined to find that  
I had spent more of the contents of the  
wallet than I had anticipated. To speak  
plainly, it was empty. The horse I had  
quartered with Smith to be hivered  
and bailed until its owner should ap-  
pear. At latest advice I understand  
that no one has claimed it."

Two Men were Arrested at Sparkill.  
N. Y., to-day and charged with being  
the authors of the Black Hand letters  
to prominent persons that have thrown  
all Rockland County in a ferment. The  
prisoners are John Rode and James  
Deitz, both thirty-six years old, the  
former of whom is an engineer out  
of a job, and his companion a farm la-  
borer. Both appeared recently in the  
neighborhood and put up at the Sever-  
sly House, in Tappan, near Sparkill.

Suspicion was directed to the men  
when Justice Alfred A. Bauer, who  
has taken charge of the hunt for the  
blackmailers, found them prowling  
near the residence of Wesley A. Kipp,  
the grocer whom their demands for  
money and threats drove from his  
home.

For two days Mr. Kipp, in order to  
protect his wife and child, kept his  
whereabouts a secret. He returned to  
Sparkill yesterday.  
At the preliminary examination of  
the prisoners to-day, Deitz was forced  
to copy from dictation the letter de-  
manding \$50 which Kipp had received.  
The handwriting is said to correspond  
and the same trifling mistakes in spell-  
ing and formation of letters are present  
in both specimens.



"NOT A CANDIDATE,"  
SAYS GOV. JOHNSON.  
Declares He Is Not Running for a  
Third Term, Nor for the Nom-  
ination for President.

MINNEAPOLIS, Feb. 22.—I am not a  
candidate for Governor for a third  
term. I am not a candidate for any of-  
fice, not even the Presidency.  
Thus spoke Gov. John A. Johnson  
when addressing the Minnesota Ed-  
itorial Association. It had been sup-  
posed that he would again be a candi-  
date to succeed himself, if not nomi-  
nated for President.

CROSBY S. NOYES DEAD.  
LOS ANGELES, Feb. 22.—Crosby S.  
Noyes, editor of the Washington Ev-  
ening Star, died yesterday while on a trip  
in the West. Mr. Noyes blamed his  
fatal illness to the failure to heat a  
railroad car in which he was riding.  
On reaching here he was forced to take  
to his bed at a hotel.

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District Attorney Dagan, of Haver-  
straw, reached Sparkill this afternoon  
and will take charge of the case. Flee-  
ing against both the prisoners runs  
high.

"PAUL KELLY'S" WIFE DEAD.  
Gang Leader Mourns His "Best  
Pal" and "Counselor."

Mrs. Minnie Corder Vancorelli, wife  
of "Paul Kelly," former leader of the  
famous "Paul Kelly Gang," died last  
night of heart disease and nervous  
breakdown at her home, No. 42 East  
Eleventh and Nineteenth street.  
She was twenty-eight years old.  
She was married to Kelly on Sept.  
14, 1900, and eleven days later he was  
sentenced to nine months in prison.  
Kelly feels his wife's death keenly.  
He said today:  
"My best pal is gone; she was my  
cousin and my counselor."

Before the firemen arrived the build-  
ing was blazing from roof to cellar,  
and the flames were shooting over the  
roofs of tenements across the street.  
Three more alarms were sounded.

The police of the Amity street sta-  
tion were sent to clear out the neigh-  
boring tenements. Many of the fam-  
ilies tried to carry their household  
goods with them, and this added to  
the confusion.

When the water tower was in front  
of the building Albert Gouff, of Frank  
No. 96, mounted the ladder, and had  
got near the top of the building, when  
he slipped. He fell into the arms of  
Levi Parley, and both were thrown  
from the ladder. Gouff sustained a  
sprained arm and went home.

Battalion Chief Reilly and seven of  
his men entered the building and start-  
ed down a stairway into the basement  
when the stairs gave way. Before Reilly  
could get to the bottom, he was hurled  
about the arms and face. His injuries were not  
serious.  
The smoke from the fire was such  
that firemen who ventured close were  
soon compelled to drop the hose and  
run for air. It was not until the fire-  
men got the blaze under con-  
trol that the smoke cleared.  
The loss is estimated at from \$150,000  
to \$200,000.

## JERSEY TO GRAB NEW YORK VOTES, MEN AND MONEY

The Under-River Tunnels May  
Break Up Population  
Centres.

Old New York will have to divide  
some of its prestige with New Jersey.  
Men, money and votes are to be taken  
away by the new tunnels under the  
North River—not to say anything of  
women and children. There has been  
a slight increase in the movement of  
Manhattan families to New Jersey dur-  
ing the past few weeks to anticipate  
the new tunnel transit, but the great  
rush is expected to begin after people  
can ride through the tubes and know  
personal experience that New Jer-  
sey has become for all practical pur-  
poses a near part of Manhattan.  
With imposing ceremonies the two  
tunnels will be opened next Tues-  
day and the drain on Manhattan popu-  
lation will begin. No separate section  
will be affected directly, according to  
the estimates of experts, but tunnel  
transit will attract those whose places  
of business are along its Manhattan  
lines. The north tubes, after crossing  
the river at Christopher street, run up  
Sixth avenue through the crowded re-  
tail shopping section to Thirty-third  
street. It is one of the most busy busi-  
ness centres of the metropolis. Busi-  
ness like the cross streets. At night the  
section is not deserted, like downtown  
business districts, but it is filled with  
throngs from theatres and the White  
Light resorts.

How the Masses Will Move.  
Many thousands of people whose ac-  
tivities centre in that locality will find  
New Jersey a convenient home place.  
Not only will they be able to get from  
the heart of Manhattan to their  
Jersey homes in from ten to thirty  
minutes, but they will find bet-  
ter cheaper homes on the other  
side of the river. More than a  
million persons centre their activities  
in that part of Manhattan. Their  
homes are scattered in all parts of  
Greater New York, but they will be  
tempted to readjust their home sites to  
the new transit facilities is not doubt-  
ful. That 20,000 will do so within a rea-  
sonable time is regarded as a conserva-  
tive estimate.

William McAdoo, the young Ten-  
nessee lawyer, who built the tunnels  
and who looks like George Washington  
in that part of Greeley Square  
to the Jersey terminals will be five  
cents. This means that each of those  
20,000 will pay ten cents a day to the  
Hudson companies instead of to the  
Interborough Rapid Transit company. It  
is a change of \$20,000 a day, or \$500,000  
a year.

Of the 20,000 at least one in every  
five is a voter. That means 40,000 less  
voters for the Greater City and 40,000  
more for New Jersey.

Much Long Island Buying.  
Spring Long Island, also, is feeling a  
bit of reviving of home-seeking. There  
is a brisk demand in all the new rapid  
transit districts.  
Vice-President E. J. Carroll, of the  
Carrollton Realty Company, reports that

## FRANK STEVENS IS HEAD OF BROKERS IN JERSEY CITY.



As president of the Board, he is show-  
ing the ready interests that like the show-  
ing of sticks, they have great power  
when united.

inquiries since the first of the year for  
building lots, villa plots and cottages  
exceed those of the past four years.  
The company is making a specialty of

up-to-date, artistic cottages at prices  
from \$2,500 upward on easy monthly pay-  
ments, the same as rent. It owns Edg-  
erton Square, Bayhampton Park, Lake-  
wood Park, Ormiston Park and Hazel-  
wood Gardens.

Rare Chance at Auction.  
In the auction market next Thursday,  
Joseph P. Day will offer thirty-two por-  
tals of the Mary W. Wright estate at the  
Vesey street auction room. It will be  
one of the largest offerings of the year.  
The properties are mostly residential  
and suitable for average investors. They  
include No. 181 Avenue street, No. 9  
Bleeker street, No. 280 Pearl street,  
No. 46 West 28th street, Nos. 14-16  
Vanderwater street, No. 208 East Fifty-  
second street, and in Brooklyn, Nos. 128-132  
Cambridge place, No. 103-105 Kent ave-  
nue, No. 6 North Eighth street, No. 28  
Wythe avenue, No. 16 Rush street,  
No. 75-81 Garfield place, Nos. 389-379  
Seventh street, Nos. 576, 582, 580, 584 and  
606 Sixth avenue, Nos. 202-206 Prospect  
avenue, No. 43 Eleventh street, and  
No. 181 Twelfth street.

CARMANIA DUE TO-MORROW.  
The Cunard line steamer Carmania,  
Genoa and Naples for New York, was  
reported by wireless telegraph 678 miles  
east of Sandy Hook at 7 P. M. yester-  
day. She probably will dock about  
noon Sunday.

Liquor or Drug Habit  
Permanently Cured  
by the Best Treatment. Both  
acute. Never fails. Sixteen years of  
unfailing satisfaction. Desire for  
liquor destroyed in 97 per  
cent. of permanent cures. No other  
treatment can equal this record.  
Quick relief, without harm to the  
body. Also about the treatment  
for drug addiction. No suffering.  
Every care and comfort for patients.

CORNWALL SANITARIUM  
(Cornwall-on-Hudson, N. Y., or call at  
New York City Office,  
1 Madison Ave., Room 4, 1914.)

JAMES MCGREERY & CO.  
23rd Street 34th Street  
BLANKET DEPARTMENTS. In Both Stores.  
On Monday, February the 24th.  
Sale of Comfortables and Blankets.

75 down filled Comfortables. Covered with French Brocade Silk with fine sateen back. Full size. value 15.00  
75 Lamb's Wool Comfortables. Covered with figured silk, floral designs. Size 72x78 inches. value 10.00  
200 pairs fine white Blankets. With pink or blue border. Double bed size. value 7.50

LINEN DEPARTMENTS. In Both Stores.  
Second Floor  
On Monday and Tuesday,  
February the 24th and 25th.  
Sale of heavy double Damask Table Cloths and Napkins. At moderate prices.

Table Cloths.  
2x2 yards.....3.50  
2x2 1/2 yards.....4.50  
2x3 yards.....5.50  
2 1/2x2 1/2 yards.....5.25  
2 1/2x3 yards.....6.25  
Napkins to match.  
Breakfast size.....3.75 doz.  
Dinner size.....5.00 doz.  
Soft finish, Irish Linen Huckaback Towels, hemstitched, Size 23x42 inches. 5.25 per doz

RUG DEPARTMENTS. In Both Stores.  
On Monday, February the 24th.  
The remaining stock of Oriental Rugs secured from the estate of the late H. S. Tavshanjian, at less than one-half usual prices.

Antique Afghan (Khiva) Carpets.....42.00, 52.00 and 70.00  
usual price 75.00 to 125.00  
Large Kurdistan Rugs.....17.50 to 28.00  
usual price 35.00 to 70.00  
Beloochistan Rugs, 8.50, 12.00 and 15.00  
usual price 23.00 to 30.00  
Cabistan Rugs....16.00, 21.00 and 35.00  
value 45.00 to 70.00  
Sennah and Sarouk Rugs.....35.00  
usual price 75.00  
Shiraz and Mecca Rugs.....12.00  
usual price 25.00  
Shirvan Rugs.....7.50  
usual price 12.00 to 15.00  
India Carpets.....75c per sq. ft.  
value 1.50  
Mahal Persian Carpets.....85c per sq. ft.  
value 1.50  
Meshed Persian Carpets, 1.00 per sq. ft.  
value 2.00  
Kellae Antique Persian Rugs.....59.00  
usual price 125.00

JAMES MCGREERY & CO.  
23rd Street 34th Street

## TWO ACCUSED OF SPARKILL BLACK HAND OUTRAGES

One Prisoner Repeats Errors  
in Threats That Drove  
Man From Town.

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Before the firemen arrived the build-  
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and the flames were shooting over the  
roofs of tenements across the street.  
Three more alarms were sounded.

The police of the Amity street sta-  
tion were sent to clear out the neigh-  
boring tenements. Many of the fam-  
ilies tried to carry their household  
goods with them, and this added to  
the confusion.

When the water tower was in front  
of the building Albert Gouff, of Frank  
No. 96, mounted the ladder, and had  
got near the top of the building, when  
he slipped. He fell into the arms of  
Levi Parley, and both were thrown  
from the ladder. Gouff sustained a  
sprained arm and went home.

Two men were arrested at Sparkill.  
N. Y., to-day and charged with being  
the authors of the Black Hand letters  
to prominent persons that have thrown  
all Rockland County in a ferment. The  
prisoners are John Rode and James  
Deitz, both thirty-six years old, the  
former of whom is an engineer out  
of a job, and his companion a farm la-  
borer. Both appeared recently in the  
neighborhood and put up at the Sever-  
sly House, in Tappan, near Sparkill.

Suspicion was directed to the men  
when Justice Alfred A. Bauer, who  
has taken charge of the hunt for the  
blackmailers, found them prowling  
near the residence of Wesley A. Kipp,  
the grocer whom their demands for  
money and threats drove from his  
home.

For two days Mr. Kipp, in order to  
protect his wife and child, kept his  
whereabouts a secret. He returned to  
Sparkill yesterday.  
At the preliminary examination of  
the prisoners to-day, Deitz was forced  
to copy from dictation the letter de-  
manding \$50 which Kipp had received.  
The handwriting is said to correspond  
and the same trifling mistakes in spell-  
ing and formation of letters are present  
in both specimens.

District Attorney Dagan, of Haver-  
straw, reached Sparkill this afternoon  
and will take charge of the case. Flee-  
ing against both the prisoners runs  
high.

"PAUL KELLY'S" WIFE DEAD.  
Gang Leader Mourns His "Best  
Pal" and "Counselor."

Mrs. Minnie Corder Vancorelli, wife  
of "Paul Kelly," former leader of the  
famous "Paul Kelly Gang," died last  
night of heart disease and nervous  
breakdown at her home, No. 42 East  
Eleventh and Nineteenth street.  
She was twenty-eight years old.  
She was married to Kelly on Sept.  
14, 1900, and eleven days later he was  
sentenced to nine months in prison.  
Kelly feels his wife's death keenly.  
He said today:  
"My best pal is gone; she was my  
cousin and my counselor."

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Battalion Chief Reilly and seven of  
his men entered the building and start-  
ed down a stairway into the basement  
when the stairs gave way. Before Reilly  
could get to the bottom, he was hurled  
about the arms and face. His injuries were not  
serious.

The smoke from the fire was such  
that firemen who ventured close were  
soon compelled to drop the hose and  
run for air. It was not until the fire-  
men got the blaze under con-  
trol that the smoke cleared.  
The loss is estimated at from \$150,000  
to \$200,000.